



LAWVTRICKES
OR,
WHO VVOVLD HAVE
THOVGHT IT.

As it hath bene diuers times Acted by the Chil-
dren of the Reuels.

Written by John Day.



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The Booke to the Reader.

Honest Roade', by thy patience, this is the first time
of our meeting, & it may be the last, that's as we
shal agree at parting, woot buy me, the stationer
thankes thee; woot reade mee, doe: but picke no
more out of me, then he that writ put into me: nor knowe me:
not better then he that made me: such Mechanicke godsthis
hil of Pernassus harbors: we have a strange seete of vpstart
Phisognomers, growne vp amcngst vs of late, that will assume
out of the depth of their knowings, to calculate a mans in-
gent by the colour of his complexion: nay, which is miracu-
lous, by the character of his reporte: and tis wonderfull to
consider: cannot an honest man speake to a knaue, but his
language must needs be scand? a gallant to a Countryman,
must his intent be to rob? must a Cuckolde of consequent
necessitie dwell at the Harts-horne? and a Musitian at the
Cat & the fidle? strange interpretations. I say no more, but
if the Cobler wold look no further then the Shoe-latchet, we
should not haue so many corrupt translations: for mine owne
part I reverence all modest aduertisements, and submit my
selfe to any judicious censurer, & protesting I never held my
irregular course, but my Inke hath beeene alwaies simple,
without the juice of worm-wood, and my pen smooth
without teeth, and so it shall continue.

Farwell.

Thine or any mans for a testar.

Who would haue thought it.



The Names of the Actors.

Ferneze, Duke of Genoa.

Polymetes,

His Sonne.

Lurdo.

An olde Count

Horatio.

A yong Count.

Horatio's.

Page

Julio.

A nobleyouthfull Gallant.

Angelo.

A Noble Counsellor

Adams.

Seruant to Polymetes.

Ioculo.

Page to Emilia.

Emilia.

Daughter to the Duke.

Countesse.

Lurdos wife

Wise.

Seruant to Count Lurdo.

1 }
2 }
3 }

Gentlewoman.



Law-tricks,
o 'R
Who would haue thought it.

ACTUS PRIMUS.

Enter Count, Horatio solus.

Hor. **D**iuine inuention, O how I could hug,
And like an amorous Louer court thy
beauty,
That crownst me King of pleasures! were my braine
Fordg'd out of vulgar metall without fier,
And sprightly motion, my big-swelne hopes,
Had bene still-borne, but when dejected minds,
Out slept the golden pleasure of the night:
My serious meditations have our-watch'd,
The glorious tapers that attend the Mooge:
I turnd my thoughts into a thousand shapes:
Moulded the fashion often thousand plots,
Lik'd and dislik'd so many, that my brayne
The mother of Inuention grew barrayne,
Almost past bearing, still my laboring thoughts
Conceiu'd a yet more strange and quaint Ideas,
Gave it proportion, and I brought it forth:
And that blest infant of Inuention
Beyond all hope hath my contentment woon,
And that's Louer heaven! I loue a face more faire
Then Cintheas hue that seems aboue compare,

Law-tricks, or

Bat hell, her husband with a iealous eye
Vshers her steps, oh wedded slauery!
This tender rose, whom artles marriage,
Hath grafted on a nettle (testy age)
Hauie I vngrafted, made him olte vntie
The knot of wedlock: thanks sweete industrie.

Enter Count Lardo.
meditating.

And here a comes, that which most heaps my fame,
His wit's well spoken of.

Ls. This wit's a sprightly thing,

Ho. For such as have't.

Ls. It not alone doth bring,
Publique applause, but knowledge i' the law,
Teacheth to speake in distance.

Ho. How the daw
Scoures ore his rustic phrases? honord Count,
How growes your plot?

Ls. My thriuing fortunes mount
Aboue suppose, eu'en to my harts content:
Wee are diuorc'd.

Ho. My hopes are preualent.

Ls. You know the cause on't, two sufficient men
Swore her a harlot, and the partiall Bench
Inspirde by my good Angels (Angels wings
Sweep e a cleare passage to the seat of Kings).
Seald our diuorce.

Ho. But doth her brother swallow
This grosse abuse?

Ls. Abuse, away, away.

They

who would haue thought it.

They know me rich Horatio, chinke, chinke;
Whilst this holds out, my cause shal never sinke.

Enter Duke Fernze and Angelo.

Ho. See where a comes, his sad complexion weares,
Griefs mourning liuery, he is clothde in teares.

Ang. Whence springs this sorrow?

Fer. For my sisters shame,
My sister, oh my sister, whose reput
Hung like a Jewell on her sexes forehead.

Ang. And what of her?

Fer. Shee is, ono she was
Pure as the Diamond, cleere as christall glasse,
But now, O hell, her credit is more foule,
Then speckled scandall, or black murdersoule.

Ang. I cannot thinke it.

Lu. But I know't too true,
She was my wife and by her meanes, my head
Was fayrely tupt and you will buy a Lanthorne:
Bespeake my sconce, tis ready hornd and all.

Ho. Not yet, but Ile take order that it shall.

Fer. And are yee parted?

Lu. What a question's that?
Shall I weare crackt rings, Diamonds with a flaw,
Ile carry coles and you wil, no hornes, I know the
law.

Ang. Is this your griesse?

Fer. This is inough, to make
Patience turne ruffin, she that was the paterne,
To whose proportion all our courtly dames,
Cut out their actions, she to fall a signe ——

Lu. More will fall shortly.

Fer. Her

Law-tricks, or

Fer. Her shame—

Ls. Growes here, who euer broacht the wyne,
The buti stands here, my forehead bears the signe;

Ho. It merit none, the shame's nor yours nor his,
That foot's even made that neuer treads a misse,

Beauty cam first from Heaven, Proverbs,

Stole it to make proud women bewteous,

Now, stolne goods thriue not: women steale from men.

Then blame not them to seeke their owne agen,

Kings bane for this bene felons, and is proud,

He never was diuine that neuer lou'd.

Ls. I finde no law for this.

Ho. Custome you proue,

And what's more Auncient then to pilfer loue?

Ls. A quillet well applide.

Ho. Then bury griefe,

If this be felonie, my self's a theife,

Ls. A nimble witte, just of the length of mine,

But come my leidge, forget it so will I,

Our infant griefs must be old men and die.

Fer. Not whil sthir fault suruiues,

What newes with thee.

Enter Horatio's Pages

Pa. I bring your honer comfortable newes,
Yer sonne's return'd from Pisa,

Fer. A comes ill,

And yet I hope his blest arriuue will kill

This monster grieve.

Ho. He is a toward Prince.

Fr. Toward inough, and yet most strangely wean'd
And wedded from this worlds societie.

Ls. A parlous youth, sharpe and satyricall,

Would a but spend some study in the law,

A would prove a passing subtle Barrister.

Ho. Ha;

who would haue thought it.

Hr. Ha's a quick wit,

Lhr. And a speakes Latin too,
Truely and so few Lawyers vse to doe.

Enter Prince Polymetes with a Booke.

Poly. Health to this honour'd presence: passing
good!

Ang. Welcome sweet Prince,

Poly. Thanks: super passing good !
But honord father, see how he proceedes:
Learning was first made pilot to the world,
And in the chaire of contemplation,
Many degrees aboue the turning cloudes
Held in his hand the nine-leaf'd marble booke,
Drawne full of siluer lines and golden Stars.

Fer. But Sonne?

Poly. But father, it was learnings place,
Till emptie out-sides, shadowes daub'd with golde
Pluckt him downe headlong, then alost his wits,
And euer since lynes Zany to the world,
Turnes Pageant-Poet, toyler to the presse,
Makes himselfe cheape, detested, hift and stale,
To euerie bubble and dull Groome.
Who for his out-sides gawdie, will presume
To make poore wit a hackney to his pride.
And with blunt rowled Iestes spur-gall his side
Till his soule bleede, O, I am more then mad,
To see meere shadowes censure and controule,
The substance, worthier both in sence and soule

Fer. Fie Polymetes, though the robe of learning,
Sit comely on a Prince, yet weare thy thoughts
From this strict contemplation, and embrase
Publique assemblies, knightly exercise. (stab?)

Poly. How's that? to swear and give the sudden
Sell Lands to purchase fashions? O tis base!
Bought gentrie, should true-borne worth disgrace.

B

Ang. Practise

Law-tricks, or

Ang. Practise to hunt,

Pol. No, some that vsē that sport

Giu't ore, being scarce one haire the better for't.

Fer. Then practise Reuels.

Pol. Reuels sprightly play,

Yet euerie yeare, some reuell all away.

Law. All these are triuall: Prince, be a Lawyer:

Pol. Of all Land monsters, some that beare that name,

Might well be sparde, whose vultur Auarice
Deuours men living; they of all the rest,
Deale most with Angells, & yet proue least blest.

Law. Wrong not the Law.

Pol. I cannot, tis diuine:

And ile compare it to a golden chaine,
That linkes the body of a common-wealthe,
Into a firme and formall Vnion.

It holds the sword, with an impartiall hand,
Curbs in the raines of an vnruyl land,
Tis twin'd to Iustice, and with holy zeale,
Rightly determines the poore mans appeale.

And those that are lawes true administers,
Are fathers to the wrong'd, heauen's Justicers.

Law. Fore-god tis true, right properties of the Law
But vnder fauour, and with due respect
Of that vnualued perle, and the professors,
Your selfe and such lacke-Latin Aduocates
Infect the heart, and doe their best to change
The true intent of sanctimonious law.

Turke Churchyards Champions, and make the ground growne rancke w th Grandfires flesh,
Beare corne to feed the Sonne.

Fer. Will this be suffer'd?
But Polymetes, in thy stay at Pisa,
When heardst thou of thy Sister?

Pol. Much to late,

The

who would haue thought it.

The reason, with your patience ile relate,
Beautious *Emilia*, whome I never saw,
But in the Rhetorique of discursive tonges
In *Santa Monta*, neighbour to *Sardinia*,
Where siluer *Arno* in her Christall bosome,
Courts the fresh bancks with many an amorous
kisse.

My Sister(as the countrie custome claim'd)
With all the choyest virgins of the Land,
Met at the Temple, halfe a league remote,
From all resort of people, which was deck'd
With all the Reliques, and the choicest Lemmes,
Marcellis, *Pisa*, or *Ligorne* could yeeld.

Fer. What follow'd this rich preparacion?
Pol. Whilst they securely tend their Orisons,
Three armed Gallies of the faithlesse Turkes,
At this aduantage set their men on shore,
Enterd the Temple, and prophande their shrines,
On the high Altar sacrific'd the Priests,
Disray'd the Temple of the golden robes,
Murder'd the matrons, rauished the Maides,
And dragging them by the disheueld haire,
Did with their rauish'd bodies fill their boates,
Amongst the rest, *Emilia* whome report
Cal'd by no name but onely beautifull,
Was rauish'd, slaine, or taken prisoner.

Fer. O Polymetes! thy discourse confounds,
Thou healeſt old hurts, yet giuſt vs deeper wounds,
But words are ayre, see our arm'd Gallies man'd,
And in them place as many of our Knights
As lou'd *Emilia* and their Soueraignes health.
Ile vnto *Pisa*, and till our returne,
Because our widowed Duke-dome ſhall not mourne.
Be thou her minion, and poſſeſſe her chaire,
Fill that with honour, t'will fill thee with care,
Vrgeno denials, Genowaeſ a dew,

8
Law-tricks, or

Wee leaue old greeves, and goe in quest of new.

Excuse: manent Lurdo and Horatio.

Lur. Better and better, now my hopes are fit,
The Duke thus gone, what tongue so bold dares say
I wrong'd my wifē?

Ho. That dares *Horatioes.* (some)

Lur. Thou art my selfe, we both haue but one bo-
One tongue, one soule, two bodies & one heart,

Hor. I knowt my Lord.

Lur. Tis true, buelēt that passe,
Wee two are one.

Hor. I know your honour's wifē.

Lur. And I know thee
For no small foole, twa's simple pollicie,
And not without some counsel of the lawe,
That notwithstanding my wiues neere alliance
Vnto the Duke, I purchac'd a diuorce.

Hor. What was the cause?

Lur. Itell thee, the moſte wrong
Was this, my Auarice thought she liu'd too long.
I know one man hath coſſind vp ſixe wiues
Since ſhe was mine, and by the pooreſt, purſt
A brace of thouſand pounds: ſtill good in Law,
Men muſt be rich, by thriſt our treasures riſe,
Giue me the man's knaue rich, take you poore wifē,
But cloſe, cocke ſure, ile feed me fat with ſport,
Gull all, foole all, why? I haue Law-tricks for't. *Exit*

Hor. How Justice Slender glories in the plot,
Which to deceiuſ him, my full braine begot?
But to his wife, true vertue though diſgrac'd,
Shee's now halfe wo'd because ſhee's thought vn-
Her ſexes credit, or discredit thrives (chaſt
In thi' outward ſhape and fashion of their liues,
and be a womans vertues neere ſo ſtrong.
Her honour's weighed vpon diſcourses tongue.
Be her fame ſullid, were her thoughts as bright

As

who would haue thought it.

As Innocence, the world would count her light,
For though mongst women, moste are beauteous,
They that please time are counted vertuous,
And in this hope, ile to the Countesse goe,
Shee's counted light, Loue grant I finde her so. *Exit.*

Enter Emilia and Ioculo.

Joc. Welcome to Genoa Madam, and to make a
short cut of our long trauell, faith tell me, how doe
you feele your selfe since you came a shore?

Em. Feele my selfe? why with my hands, what an
idle question's that?

Joc. Then pray bee you better occupied in your
answere: but Madam, doe you remember what a
multitude of fishes we saw at Sea? and I doe wonder
how they can all liue by one another.

Em. Why foole, as men do on the Land, the great
ones eate vp the little ones, but *Ioculo*, I am great, pas-
sing great, and readie to lyedowne.

Joc. Doe Madam, and ile stand by and doe my
good will to deliuere you.

Em. Mans death of what?

Joc. Why of your Maiden-head Madam & if you
please, or rather of the huge birth of knauerie y'are in
trauell of.

Em. And insooth *Joculo* at this time I stand in
some need of a wittie Mid-wif: but may I trust thee?

Joc. Aboue the girdle-stead, and below the knee
Madam without any danger, why Madam, you
know at our first meeting in the Turkes Gallies,
where we were both prisoners, and in a manner
strangers, I rested faithful when we counterfeited our
selues lunaticke to escape their furie I proued not
false when wee were cast naked a shore: I stood
firme to you, and never since left your companyes
now haung had these tryals of me abroade, newes

Law-tricks, or mistrust my secrecie at home.

Em. I wil credit thee, and now receiue this embri-
on of knauerie, brieflie as I deliuer it . I vnderstand
since our priuate arriuall heere at Genoa , that the
Duke my father hearing of my surprisal from *Mona-
rasanta*, attended with a hundred Knights, is gone to
seeke a needle in a bottle of Hay.

Io. Or rather to catch a quicke Eele by the —

Em. Teeth , as I haue done you sir?

Io. Nay , and you breakes iestes a my teeth once,
I haue done with you.

Em. If the breaking of the iest kept your teeth
whole, twas well broken : but to the purpose; as well
to trie what mettle our Genowais wits are made of,
as also to put my Brothers humor to the test, I intend
to dance a prettie change with my name(for by no-
thing else I am sure they can knowe me, being in my
infancie carried to my Aunts at *Pisa*) then instead of
Emilia, call me *Tristella*.

Io. Agreed, but what man i' th mist is this?

Em. I know not yet, lets walke, and take occasion
to confer with them.

*Enter Polymeres reading, end Iulio taking
Tobacco.*

Ioc. Yet keep without eye-shot so long as you can
Poly. O moste Diuine !

Iul. Tobacco? the best in Europe, 't cost mee ten
Crownes an ounce by this vapor.

Poi. Art not ashame'd ?

Iul. Of your foppish humor? yes by this Element
villanously ashame'd , pox on't, leaue it, you are a
scholler, goe but to antiquitie, reade the Chronicles,
you may finde some of your Ancestors chronicled
for winning a Wenches fauour, for loosing their
armour, but few for wit and Schollership: Souldiers &
Schollers

who would haue thought it.

Scollers could never set their horses together, especially in this kicking age: but who comes heere ? one she-Satyre or other to pitch vp her Tent, cast downe her gauntlet and proclaim thee coward for not stabbing her, when shee gaue thee the moste plaine apparent and open lye.

Em. Ioculo, we are fallen into their eyes.

Ioc. Theile hardly see their way then, for we are shrew'd moats, but al's one, ile giue occasion of quarrel, answer you as you can, *inſt/c Iuſo.*

Iuſo. Your reason Sir ?

Ioc. To make thee recoile, or with the Souldier to falloff, iſt your countrie manner to corriue a leader, being vpon or before present seruice as I am?

Iuſo. Pardon me sir, I did not see your charge.
Would I had never ſene her, for her eye
Hath ſet my thoughts in a ſtrange muterie.

Poſt. What, in loue Julio ?

Iuſo. No Prince, loue's in me,
I like a ſlauē indure loues tyrrannie.

Ioc. Madam, your Brother.

Poſt. Slauē to all ſlauēs be he that ſnares his eye,
In a weake Syrens Cob-web flatterie.

Iuſo. God ſauē faire sweete.

Em. Amen, from ſuch as you. (true)

Iuſo. You had ſaid for ſuch, ha dyour tongue gone

Em. Why then belike I lye.

Iuſo. I woule you did, within my Curtens.

Em. Marry loue forbids.

Iuſo. Nay, loue is willing, for he cries lets goe:

Em. Then loue hath two tungen, for he tels me no,
ſo pray let's part.

Iuſo. What, and our lips not meete?

Em. Now ſic vpon't, like Broom-men in the ſtreect?

Y'are a young wooer, or elſe much to rude,
To ſhow this kindnesſe fore a multitude,

But

Law-tricks, or

But by the blush that colours ore your face,
You would scarce doo't in a more priuate place.

Po. This same strāge thing i'th likenes of a womā,
Tāles of much wit, though I not loue her sex,
Ile arme my thoughts to cracke a iest with her.
What, graueld *Innes?*

Em. No, but run a Land:
Is your wits shipp'g any beiter man'd?

Pol. Yes, will you board it?

Em. No, I dare not venter:

Pol. Make but a shot in iest and you may enter.

Em. You are a Scholler.

Pol. I haue seene some Schooles.

Em. You came not ore i'th last fleet of Fooles.

Pol. You tooke my roome vp.

Em. I pray tak't agen,

Weele haue no women fooles saile amongst men.

Pol. Your wit's much currish.

Em. Why 't bites not you,

It feedes on fooles flesh, so wisemen adicu

Insl. Please you accept the curthe of the towne?

Em. I need not, I haue curties of mine owne
ther's one for you.

Pol. How chance your wit's so free?

Em. Onely to out-goe Iadish company.

Insl. Here are none such.

Joc. Take heede, for if you tire,

Sheele keepe her pace and leaue you in the mire.

Pol. A womans feature, but a Schollers tongue
In quick discourse, Philosophers nere wondred
More at the strange conception of the windes,
Then I admire how she attain'd this wit:
Did not true learning make the soule diuine,
She hath spoke enough to make me conuertine.

Insl. My loues are sound, & wait but your reply,
A short lin'd accent, either no or I.

Em. I

who would haue thought it.

Em. I am not too scuare, nor yet so kinde,
To fall for euerie idle puff of wind.
But farwell, ile take counsell of my pillow,
Pittie fresh youth should wither in greene willowe.

Iul. Appoint the place sweete, ile not misse mine
houte.

Em. At the three fooles.

Jul. Ile meete.

Em. And make vp four.

Pol. Sweet wordes, kinde looks, what and a par-
ting kisse,

Words, looks and lips crie all, the wenche is his.
I am possett devill, loue perswades my minde,
That if to him, to me shal le proue more kinde.
What's *Iulio* made of? hadst thou soule or fense,
Thou wouldest not prentise thy affections,
Nor tie thy fortunes to a strangers loue.

Iul. A litle liking my Lord, a ierk a trick or so, but
no pure loue I protest, but be impartiall, cast of the
furd-gowne of hate, and speake out of the naked
Doublet and hose of iudgement: is she not worthy
to be beloved? nay, might not she and I liue passing
well together?

Pol. Yes, if to liue in bondage be no hell,
I thinke you two, might doe exceeding well.

Iul. Well my Lord, because ile bee no example of
selfe-will, ile breake off our meeting at the three
Fooles, and send for her to Court, where ile put al my
loue into one quart of Maligo, & your melancholly
humor into another, and he that hath done last, shall
for penance give her a kicke a the lips, and a pipe of
Tobacco be my witnesse, that's all the loue I beare
her.

Pol. Well *Iulio*,
How ere you iugle, if you doe agree,
You must be pleas'd to weare the keepers fee. *Exeunt*

Law-tricks, or

Actus Secundus.

Enter Count Lurdo and Adam.

Adam. Sir, I do not loue to double with a woman if my friend, much lesse with you my most vpright & straight Count, my yong Lord(as I told you) is turnd absolute prodigall.

Lur. How prodigall?

Adam. Marry thus prodigall, to frequent ordinances is his ordinarie practise, rubs out whole weekes together in bowling-Allyes, bandies away his pocket full of French-Crownes in a morning, and counts it a prettie sport to procure heate.

Lur. Thou telst me wonders, he that but last day, Was never seene to walke without a booke, Writ against pleasure, and make bitter iests Of honest recreation, turn'd dissolute, I see no reason for't, the law and I, (Itell you plainly Adam) think you lye.

Adam. Thinke as you will sir, there's not a tricke vsde in the towne that deserues damnation, but hee desires to deale in't, tis pity a was not made a tradesman, he loves to follow his occupation a life, & that which makes him doubt most, he is in loue with the Indian punck Tobacco.

Lur. Punke! how the foole that doth not know it slauders a leafe, nick-names a stranger herb;

Adam. No herb a grace I hope sir.

Lur. Not good thrift neither, Yet there's one duice, a kinde of plodding Poet, Scarce'st was not in the first creation, Because he findes no baliad argument, To proue old Adam a Tobacconiste,

Adam. I thankē none at the name loue's it,

I haue

who would haue thought it.

I haue heard olde *Adam* was an honest man, and a good Gardiner lou'd Lettice well, Sallet, and Cabage reasonable well, yet no Tobacco: Again, *Adam Bell* a substantial out-law, & passing a good Archer, yet no Tobaconist. Further, *Diogenes*, whose propper name might bee *Adam* for ought I know, lou'd Carretts well, Lecke porridge passing well, yet no Tobacco: to conclude, my great Grandfathers Grandfathers father, and my selfe all Gardeners, yet could not abide this Chimney-sweeper Tobacco.

(cause,

Lur. They did not take me with you, what's the They were al plaine folks, & did not know the lawes.

Adam They were plaine indeede, and thereof grew the prouerbe, plaine dealing is a Iewell.

Lur. But he that vseth it shall die a begger.

Ad. That addition was made by some Lawyer or Poet, to auoid which, they cannot indure plaine-dealing should haue a hand in any of their actions.

Ls. Touch no mans functiō, there are ierks & tricks Spurne not the law, for if you doe, it kicks.

Ad. So will a spur-gald Iade sir, but to all these misdemeanors, a maintaines a priuate punck, one *Trifstella* that hee had in way of reversion from *Julio*, a twindger, a meere Horsleach, one that will suck out the braines of his treasurie, and make a meere skin of his wealth, I, out of my Loue reprehended his error, and he in a furie kick't me out of dores, and discharged me of his seruice.

Ls. I like not this, tis neither right nor streight done with no law-trick, nor no good conceite, but here a comes. Enter *Polid. & Emilia.*

Ad. With Autumnne in his boosome, pray God she shake not downe his leauves, and leauch him to make the Duke his father a bald reckoning.

Ls. Peace and obserue.

Em. Though I be a stranger to you,

C 2

Yet

Law-tricks, or

Yet am I well acquainted with your humor.
A Lady cannot liue about the Court
Without the enuie of your Epigrams,
If she be pleasant, she is counted light,
If ruddy, painted, if her ruffes be thicke,
They ask em much poaking.

Po. Trust me, loue hath kild
That worme-wood humor, bring th'authoritie
Of one true tongue to proue my poestie,
Ever wrong'd woman.

Em. And you'l doo't agen?

Lur. That's a good wench.

Em. I pray who ought that pen?
That in a stammering Lambick vaine,
Glanc'd at *Emiliaes* loose and gaudie traine.
And broke broad iestis vpon her narrow heele,
Poak't her Rebatoes, and suruaid her steele,
Tid her fring'd garters, bought her words by weight

Lur. Still good in law, and an vpright concit.

Em. Doe you not know that man?

Po. Suppose I doe?

Em. You did but flout them, and youle flout me too
You wondred not *Cornelia* being so faire,
Would be beholding to her Laundressse haire.

Po. I know not this.

Em. True, nor that Florymell,
Became a Pages habit passing well,
Vnde singe Rapier, tooke the rouse and swore,
Of all land Beasts she could not brooke the Bore,
Nor that Count *Lurdo*, comming to a fray,
Brought not the worth of one poore haire away.

Po. More then his owne.

Lur. That iest comes neere to me,
Tis out-growne now, a wants authoritie.

Em. Nor that *Melina* whom your Muse renownes
Wore out as many suiters as new gownes.

And

who would haue thought it.

And the same day that she was marryed,
Vpon her finger wore her maiden-head.
In likenes of a Dyamond.

Pol. Indeede twa's led,
That for Ring *Melina* sold her head.

Em. But y'are all *Onids*.

Lur. They are bawdymates,
Touch Lawyers too, indeed abuse all states,

Em. Poets are wanton, and no doubt inioy,
Their faire *Corynnes*, though perhaps less coy.

Pol. Suppose some doe?

Em. Each one in this agrees to scandall vs.

Lur. And talke of Lawyers fees,

Pol. Graunt me but loue, &c with my vtmost power,
I will defend your sexes stainlesse honour:
And with my pen dipt in the juice of gall,
Be his soules terror, that hereafter shall,
Cast ynke at honours garments, or aspire
To name your sex with an vnhallowed fire.

Em. I take your word.

Enter Iulio.

Poly. Then scale it with a kisse.

Lur. That kisse my Lord deserues an Epigram,

Pol. Sit downe good Vncle.

Lur. An vnbidden guest
Should bring a stoole along.

Poly. A womans iest.

Iul. You meane a lye, for women vse to lye.

Em. But not like Schollers by authoritic.

Iul. Yet they may produce lying authoritic, and so
cannot Poets.

Lur. Nor Lawyers neither.

Em. Are you a Lawyer?

Iul. Ifaith Madam, he hath sit on the skirts of law
any time this thirtie yeares.

Ad. Then he should bee a good Trencher-man by

C 3 his

Law-tricks, or

his profession.

Lw. Your reason Adam.

Ad. I knew one of that facultie in one terme eate
vp a hole Towne, Church, Steeple and all.

In. I wonder the Belis rung not all in in his belly.

Ad. No sir, he sold them to buy his wife a Taffety
Gowne, and himselfe a velvet jacket.

Po. What a prou'd lacke was that? but I wonder
at Lawyers for onething, many of them vse to take
their fees afore-hand.

Em. For a two-folde policy, one is they were com-
monly greedie, the other for feare if their Clyents
follow their Counsell long, they will not be worth a
fee.

Lau. Tis well said Lady, you doe well to iest with
an oldeman.

Ad. A saies true, for if you shold iest too much with
a young man, it might proue earnest, & so the fruites
of your ieasts make you both a sham'd on't.

Po. Well said Adam, but leaving at a fulliest, Vn-
cle, what earnest businesse brought you hither?

Lur. Your honours sudden Metamorphosis,
Tolde by your trustie Seruant, and confirm'd
By publique rumor. (Seruant)

Po. Why what saies Goody Fame, and my trustie

Lw. This is the worst my Lord that you expend —
Your treasure on that Ladies maintenance.

Po. S'foor say I doe, what, has the worme-eaten
bawd Fame: or ere a pander-like foole else to doe
with it? giue her maintenance, why she is of my neare
affinitie, should I see my shee affinitie goe in ratters?
I allow my Seruant rags, & I were worse then a lew,
if I shuld suffer my shee affinitie to goe naked.

Lw. Law takes your part, & if your purse grow short
Rather then spend the publique treasurie,
Ile lend your Grace a brace of thousand pounds,

Provided

who would haue thought it.

Prouided this, that as our Booke-men write
I haue securitie.

Em. A Lawyer right?

Po. Securitie? Leases and old rents, Castles and
Towne-ships, able men, good securitie, Townes are
no Starters, theile hold out winde and weather.

Ls. I craue no more, let me haue pawnes and vse.

Em. How? Lords turne Vsurers? those that should
punish broke age deale vppon pawnes?

If it were once his owne,
Hee'de lend him mony on his Duke-domes crowne

Po. But faith Vnkle tell me, what think you of this
Lady? would she not make a prettie peart Dutches?

Ls. Shee's faire, nor do I discommend your choyce

I wish her your's, a priuate friend or so,

I know mad serks, and know that Lawe allowes,

Princes their priuate pleasures, and my selfe

Will doe my best to gaine your honours loue,

I will not absolutely say there are,

But there may be, if so your honour please,

Sellers and Vaults, which from your priuate Garden

May vnder ground lead to your bed-chamber.

Whither, I will not name my selfe, but some close
friend,

May vsuspected bring your beautious Lady.

Em. Lord what a broaking Advocate is this?

He was some Squiers Scriuenor, and hath scrape
Gentilitie out of Attorneys fees:

His bastard actions proue him such a one,

For true worth scarnes to turne Camelion.

Po. Madam, my Vnkle out of tender-loue,

Better to shun all scandalous suspect,

That might attend on our vnsuiting loates

Will lodge you at his house, whither at times —

Em. Your Grace may haue access.

Ls. Tis

Law-tricks, or

Lur. Tis so indeede.

Em. Is there a backeway?

Lur. And a priuate doore,

A secret vault, and twentie odde tricks more.

Em. A Stoue?

Lur. And Arbors with sweete violet Beds,

That haue bin prest to death with maidens heads,

Where you may sport and breath, and take a rouse

Em. Perdy, this Lawyer keepeſ a bawdie house,

I ſhall be ready to deceiver you all,

My Lord, your Law-plot's, moſt iudiciale.

Enter the Countesse.

But who comes heere? ſome one of your caſt cly-
ents.

Inſ. Gods me, the Countelle.

Lur. Mum, I cannot ſtay,

There's a clowd riſing, drives my Sun away.

Em. Is this your wife?

Lur. Madam, tis ſhe that was.

Em. That was and is not? how comes that to paſſe?

Count. I cannot tell, God & his conſcience knowes

Lur. And the world ſees Colofus on my browes,
Hercules Pillers, here's non ultra writ.

Inſ. Not in braſſe Characters?

Pol. No, hornes more fit.

Lur. Hath not the Lawe diuorc'd and made a bar
twixt our affections? werſt not thou content to take
a pention?

Cou. Which you ſtill detaine.

Lur. Good wit, Law-trickes and firme, you may
complaint.

Cou. Complainſe I doe, I kneele before the throane
and ſue for Iuſtice, but yet can purcaſe none.
Complainſe I doe Couſen.

Pol. Away.

Cou. O!

who would haue thought it.

Con. O, as you are a Prince, and you a virgin.

Em. I was one long since,
This is no place for passion, drie your eyes,
Con. Greife nailes me to the ground, I cannot rise,
Ile grow immodest, iustice is exild,
And so shall duetie, patience turne wilde,

Po. Come, leauē the Bedlam.

Enter Horatio aside.

Lx. Doe, for wit and Law knowe shee's a foole;

Em. A couple quoth Jack-daw. *Exeunt*

Hor. Madam.

Co. Who calles?

Hor. Madam,

Co. Horatio.

Hor. In passion Lady.

Co. Discontent or so.

Hor. Be not, be counsaile, do not let dispaire,
Like the ranke cancker bred by sultrie aire.
Eate this young Rose of beautie in the bud:
But in the Aprill Sunne of youthfull blood
Let the sweet blosome ripen, thrive and grow,
To those full ioyes which none but Louers know.

Co. The man talkes idely, tell me I am faire,
Louely and young.

Hor. You are, by loue you are,
Not faire, you are: Leanders paramour:
Compar'd with you was a swarth Blackamour
Your haire is softer then the Colchean Fleece,
Yont well lim'd features, natures maister peece
Your eyes too Dyamonds, set in purer molde
Then rocks of currall, or the Indian gold.
In thy smooth chin there is an Iuorie pit,
Where blushing Venus and young Cupid sit,
Feathering of golden shafts, the woounding heads,
Made of thy amber-tresses finest threds.

Co. You will not buy me faire you praise me so.

D

Hor. Yet

Lau-tricks, or

Hor. Yet faire, ile bid faire for you ere I goe,
Co. Hethat bids faire for me deceiuies his eye.
Hor. By heaven a doth not.

Enter Horatios Page.

Co. Wilfull periurie, what meanes all this?
Hor. This my discourse intends,
Were husbands Saints, some wiues would haue close
friends.

Co. Some bad perhaps, but—
Hor. Husbands but for't, true, woot; prethee woot
thou?

Co. What?
Ho. Vd's Hartlings doc?
Co. Doe what?
Hor. Loue-tricks quickly, woo't thou prethee.
Con. No, I prize my credit.
Hor. Credit? lise a man,
What talks of credit? art not knowne a strumpet?

Con. You doe me wrong.
Hor. Damnation, what a glosse,
This gilded copper, Diamond of glasse,
What strang shew it makes? ile giue you a color
Your face was nere worse painted, then ile paint
Your Wain-fcot credit, you are a private bit,
Kept for some great made Dives. Red hot scandall
Suck the nativie colour of your soules
As it hath scorch'd thy credit, shriued Baw'd,
Spunge, Lemon-pill, and more irrelishable
Then ore-dride Stock-fish, sic.

Co. Upon thy shame,
Ho. Thy husband, O thy husbands bow-leg'd fame
Death I shall hate thee.

Co. O for honour doc.
Hor. Sweare thou art my strumpet.
Co. Ile indurc that to.

Hor. Shat!

whom would haue thought it.

Ho. Shalt not deny't, hart, canst not.

Cou. Yes, I can.

Ho. Doo't for thy life, thy soule, basse curtezan. *Exit*

Co. Farwell, if friendship be at such a rate,

Before ile purchast, ile liue still in hate.

Pa. Hart, a new fashion,

A Lady poore, beautifull and chaste? cleane
From the bias of Custome: to be poore, painted,
And proud is as common in Genoa, as fete and feather
In the fortunate lland: but chaste and poore,
As singuler and rare, as Conscience with the Ana-
baptist.

Cou. Come hether Boy, didst never owe me service

Pa. Yes Madam, more then euer I paid you ha-
nestly, and were a not my Maister.

Cou. Thy Maister, who?

Pa. Horatio, he that puts chastetie to the quick, &
honor to the stab, but ile shew him the nature of a
right French-man, deny him homage, forswear al-
legiance, and come behinde hand in cash keeping, &
with his owne pursse maintaine you against him.

Cou. Thy purpose brieflie.

(tied.)

Pa. In balde sentences, your noted wrongs are pit-

Cou. Pittyed, by whome?

Pa. By me, lodgings prepar'd and dyet, which I
humbly tender your honor, as first payment of the an-
cient debt, my service owes you.

Cou. But is the lodging private?

Pa. At mine owne mothers, and though I say't, she
keeps an honest house, though my father bee a Ci-
tiz. n.

Cou. Of what profession?

Pa. Neither foole nor Philistine, but an ingenious
Pothecarie.

Cou. And what resort?

Pa. Verie civil and moste quiet resort, patiences the

Law-tricks, or

ho^{use} is set round with patients twice or thrice a day,
and because theire be sure not to want drinke, euerie
one brings his owne water in an Vrinall with him.

Cou. Doth a vse phisick too? that's beyond his
warrant.

Pa. O Lord Madam, better men then hee straine
curtesie with their warrants in this age, besides, you
being musicall, shall meet muche content, for my mo-
ther lodges three or foure Knights & Ladies Daugh-
ters that practise musick and needle-work, and wil
no doubt be exceeding proud of your company, wilt
please you walke?

Co. Thou art the Star, by whome my fate is led,
My shame's so publique, ide faine hide my head.

Exeunt

Actus Tertius.

Enter Count Lurdo and Winifride.

Lur. CVrrant in Law, & how encountr'd you.

Win. I let tell you my good Lord (I thank
my bringing vp, I can talke, I vse not to haue my
tongue to seeke when it shoulde pleasure anye man,
especially my good Lord) I tolde her what a credit
it was to haue a man of great credit, & that which is
more, a skilfull Lawyer that can stand out in her case
at a dead hift, and one that if need were, could make a
crazy action sound, I put her in minde what it was to
haue such a one to her sweet heart.

Lur. Thou speakest but right, for so I am indeede.

Win. You are, I vrg'd it, and she confess't to me that the
verie first night shee saw you she dreamt on you, and
wist you in her bed, and her bed in the midst of the
Riuier.

Lur. How, i^th the Riuier?

Win. Yes forsooth,

Lur. In the middle of the tide.

Win. Yes

whowould haue thought it.

Win. Yes in her dreame.

Lur. Good,

But she doth loue me.

Win. Beleeue it my Lord she doth marrie you must
thinke I drew her and drew her , and wrought her
and wrought her,till I made her as pliant and strac-
table as wax , marrie with all ,she is as constant as Lu-
cretia ,and will not for a thousand pounds , till shee
hath the law of her side .

Lur. I sound her meaning , first ile gull my Ne-
phew .

Win. Her intent right , she intends to make a Gull
of the Prince , and an absolute Goole of you .

Lur. Still good in Law , ile fetch him ore of all ,
Get all , purfle all , and be possesst of all ,
And then conclude the match , marrie at least ,
When can you tell ? ile vs her as a hand
To picke the Princes coffers , and for reward
To prison , marrie her , for tricks can doo't , (actions .
The worlds squint - eyd , and dares not prie into our
Herelyes her walke (my Lute Win) she shall see ,
Youthe's leaden foote in respect of me .

Play and danse .

Enter Emilia .

Em. Win , prethee give the Fidler a testar and send
him packing , what a scraping the tongue keepe's ?
doe's a thinke the Count keeps a Tauerne or a Baw-
die - house ? my good Lord ! beseech your honour
pardon me .

Lur. No harme sweet Loue , how dost thou like this
Caper ?

Em. Passing wel my Lord , wil you never leauue these
coltish tricks ? but to the matter : I sent you my reso-
lution by your Maid , haue you receiu'd it .

Lur. I haue , and it holds currant ,
Then tender me possession .

Lam-tricks, or

Em. Of what?

Lur. Of thy chaste loue.

Em. Not too much hast for that, you haue a wife.

Lur. I had one.

Em. And still haue.

Lur. Thy loue shall quickly wed her to her graue,
Inere did loue her.

Em. When she was a maide

You swore you did, how soon poore youth's betrayd
To helplesse ruine: doe you loue me?

Lur. I faith,

Em. For how long?

Lur. Till death.

Em. O deadly lye.

Ile tell you just how long, loue's bred i'th blood,
Prosperes as long as beauties in the bud.

When beautie withers, lustfull loue growes colde,
And ere it be halfe ripe, is rotten old.

If you haue me, you must not put on yellowes,
Ile haue my selfe, my servans and my fellowes.

My loue, my liking, and a second me,

I loue to relish sweet varietie:

Your old wife mou'd you, I shall vex you more:
Take Coach with Gallants eu'en a sore your dore.

Take Rings, giue bracelets woun of my haire,
Which to spight you, my Seruants arme shall weare.

Ile in your presence sit vpon his knee,
Exchanging kisses if you speake to me.

Ile poure in scorne, crie mew, and looke aside,
At which, if you but frowne, ile roundly chide,

I am not as I seeme, dissembling wit

Is my best meanes.

Lur. Square to my humour fit.

Em. I was a Beggar borne.

Lur. And so was I.

Em. Traded in lust and gainefull brothelrie.

Lur. The fitter for my turne, I was a man
Borne to no hopes, but a few shreds of witt

A Gra-

who would haue thought it.

A Grammer Scholler, then a Scrivener,
Dealing for priuate vse twixt man and man,
and by close broake age set them at debate:
Incent them vnto Law, which to maintaine,
I lent them money vpon Lands and Plate,
After the rate of seauen-score in the hundred.
Then did I learne to countefit mens hands,
Noble-mens armes, interline Evidences,
Make false conveyances, yet with a trick,
Close and cock-sure, I cony-catch'd the world.
Hauing scrap'd prettie wealth, I fell in League
With my first wife, and (though I say't my selfe)
She had good doings, her backe commings in
And priuate goings out, rais'd me aloft:
I followed cases of the law abroad,
and she wae merrie with her friends at home.

Em. Did you nere take her kissing?

Lur. Twentie times.

Em. Were you not Jealous?

Lur. Neuer nothing lesse.

Em. Yet saw her kisse with Strangers?

Lur. Kisse and play.

Em. And were you a Cuckold.

Lur. Cuckold by this light.

Em. What? a wittall.

Lur. And a Wittall too.

Em. And knew't?

Lur. And knew't.

Em. And sufferdit.

Lur. I did.

Lur. It went attirde in golde, a golden Crest,
Is a braue fashion, and accounted best,

Enter Wenefride.

Wen. Madam, my Lord.

Lur. What newes?

Wen. The Prince.

Lur. The

Lam-tricks, or

Lx. The Prince.

Win. And Julio.

Lxr. Which way?

Em. Where?

Lx. From thence.

Win. That way the vault, from thence the priuate dore, as I stood Centinell at the further end of the Vault, they being vnaquainted with the turnings, came groping and feeling, as commonly men wil do especially in a strange place, and as I am true sinner, had I not spayed the Diamōd on his finger(twinne, to this a my conscience) they had beene vpon me in the darke ere I had bene aware of them.

Lx. The Prince.

Win. And Julio,

Em. Quick away.

Lx. What plot?

Em. Behinde the Arras? scapt behinde the Arras.

Lx. Behinde the Arras.

Em. Close, cocke, sure, bewise,

They onely thrive that best can temporize.

Enter Polymeres and Julio.

Pol. A rare vault by this light, and never deliſed without the aduice of a grand Iurie of Bawdes, a word with your lips Tris.

Win. As god mend me Prince you ſmell bawdie.

Pol. Since I came into thy company Win. And how iſt Tris? fore-God a prettie lodging.

Int. And verie faire hangings.

Pol. Paffing good workman-ſhip, what ſtorie is this Tris?

Em. Why my Lord? the Poeticall fiction of Venus kissing Adonis in the violet bed.

Int. Fore-god tis true, and marke where the Cuckoldly knaue Vulcan stands ſneaking behinde the brake

who would haue thought it.

brake bush to watch a'm.

Pol. A prettie conceit Iulio, doost see Vulcan with
the horning parenthesis in his fore-head ! I hit indi-
rectly vpon the leaft pap at three passes for a hun-
dred Crownes.

Int. Not for a hundred.

Pol. Ist a match ?

Iul. Tis done, where will you take your stand ?

Pol. Here, any where, hart has the Arras an ague, it
trembles so :

Em. No, Vulcans fearefull.

Pol. And with a feare it comes , haue at the Cuck-
kold.

Lnr. Oh !

Pol. Harke, the Arras is in labour.

Iul. Mas I heard something groane.

Poly. Ile be the Mid-wife and helpe to deliuier it,

Em. Sweet Prince.

Pol. Harke Wench, I smell Bores grease.

Em. Will you but heare me ?

Pol. Now excuse what tricke? *She whispers to him.*

Em. How ? but a Picture ? ile triethat presently,
If you loue me, disfigure it not, I esteeme it onely for
the lively workmanship.

Pol. Then let me haue a sight on't.

Em. Upon condition youle neither deface it with
weapon, nor scile it with your breath —

Pol. On my Virginities maiden-head wee will not
discouer Lurdo behinde the Arras.

Iul. Hart athe Deuill, your Vnkle.

Pol. O to rbeare, fore God passing good workman
indeed.

Em. Marke bnt the glance of his eye.

Iul. The hanging of his neither lip.

Pol. The blush of his cheeke.

Win. The curle of his haire.

E

Em. The

Lawtricks, or

Em. The pit of a chin.

Iul. What a smooth hand a hath?

Ins. Long fingers like a Lady.

Win. Not so much but a seale Ring.

Pol. Armes and all, viz a tame Gudgcon.

Em. And the foole swallows it rarely, & you marke him.

Pol. Is the numbe Aſſe insensible of Scoffes?

Ile touch him neerer, yet mine eye deceiuers me,
And this be not Count Lurdoes counterfeit.

Iul. You may ſoone know that my Lord.

Pol. As How?

Iul. If it be his, a hath the Gowte in his left ſoote,

Pol. The verie ſame, his ſhoe is cut and all,

Farwell Tris, and yet ile ſtarke him a little better a-
fore we leauē him, fore god tis ſo like him, I doubt,
wether it be the ſhadow or his ſubſtance.

Iul. A blocke. *Em.* A shadow.

Win. A meere ſenceleſſe ſtone.

Pol. Then tis a counterfeit.

Em. An absolute counterfeit, what doe you
meane?

Pol. Marrie many Counterfeits walke in the like-
neſſe of good mony, and ſo may this doe, which to
preuent ile naile him to a poaſt, for f;are a paſſe currant
on your lips in my abſence, and ſo deceiuē me?

Em. Ile ſweare a ſhall not, gentle Prince be ſhort,
Length kils the heart of the moſte feeling ſport.

Pol. Well Maiden, I am content, this iel ſhall re-
priue your head for this once, but beware the next en-
counter, come Ariadnes clew, will you vnuwinde, and
light vs through this vault of darkeneſſe, and theres
your Naulum.

Win. Thanke you my Lord, and your buſineſſe
ſtand this way at midnight, ile let you in by this token,
and take this frō me, when you come againe, bring the
Lady

who would haue thought it.

Lady a Diamond, or some prettie & foolish stone, for I
can tel you these same paultrie stones are in high request
amongst Ladies, especially such old mowisers as I haue
beene in my time, & as I say when you come, be not a-
sham'd to knock, and if I come not knocke lustly, and
again, and neuer giue ouer knocking till you heare my
hem, did you neuer know Wins hem?

Pel. Neuer.

Ins. Why hast thou a priuate hem?

Wm. Haue I? Ifaith sir I, few Gallants ith the town
that are of any standing at all, but are acquainted with
my hem, but come close my Lord, close, & besure the
next time you come you doe not forget to knock lustly,
Exeunt, manens Lurdo and Emilia

Em. My Lord.

Lu. My Loue, my life, oh thou art made
Out of the soule of wit, and thy conceits,
Of the best fashion.

Em. Did you taste the iest?

Lu. Diuinely, oh diuinely, tart and quick,
Pleasing, yet not tedious I was wrapt

Em. In a knaues skin.

Lur. My fences were entranc'd.

Em. Into a fooles Paradice.

Lur. Oh my sweet Phœnix, out of thy ashes.

Em. Is your loue so hot, you meane to burne me?

Lur. Oh hit honnyed me,
And then their numnesse, didst thou neuer reade
Of any Lawyer came to be Duke?

Em. Neuer, but I haue heard of a Cuckold that was an
Vsurper.

Lur. Why such a one would I be.

Em. What, a Cuckold?

Lur. Yes, and an Vsurper too.

Em. So you are, for you Lawyers vsurpe more crowns
then halfe a Countrie,

Law-tricks, or

Lur. Vlisses, Tully, Lawyers, but no Dukes.

Em. Menelaus and Vulcan were Cuckolds but no Lawyers.

Lur. Fore-mee tis true, but now I doe remember
nought to that purpose;

Em. The most lustfull Goates
Weare guilded hornes, and goe in Velvet Coates.

Enter Win.

Lw. Whatnewes Win?

Win. Faith ordinary household newes, yonders a wels
fac'd Gentleman craues a may change a word with
you.

Lur. His name?

Win. Horatio.

Lur. Leau vs to confer. *Exeunt ambo*
A trustie friends, the soules high Treasurer.

Enter Horatio

In dumps Horatio? what, my second selfe clowded
with passion?

Hor. O my honor'd Lord,
Our soules and our affections are made all of one fashion
now the slightest wrong that scars the reputation of my
friend, stabs daggers to my heart.

Lw. I know it true, and I can proou't,
Our loues are twinnes,
But to the wrong, dares any idle tongue
Bark at our greatness?

Hor. Yes.

Lur. Their names?

Hor. Your wife.

Lur. My wife? the manner?

Hor. Mongst her lustfull Mates,
She shame's not to giue out, that by your greatnessse,
knowledge, credit, and friends in highest place,
You haue diuorc'd her without due desert.

Lur. We must demurrie of this, ile haue a tricke

By

who would have thought it.

By way of Habeas Corpus to remoue
This talking Gossip, come Horatio,
Some project, how? what course for her remoue?

Hor. I cannot counsell, but fore-god my Lord,
My lodgings mightily annoy'd with rats,
That eate my papers and deface my books
How should I rid them.

Lur. Easly, poison them,
And well remembred, this she Rat my wife,
That eates and teares the leaues of my repute,
Shall taste like speeding Phisicke in thine care,
Canst temper poison?

Hor. Yes.

Lur. And kill a Rat.

Hor. That she shall never swell on't.

Lur. Muso for that,
This she Rat is a Deuill.

Hor. A Limbe of Sathan.

Lur. Enuy.

Hor. Destruction.

Lur. Malice.

Hor. Ratsbane doo't?

Lur. Ere my disgrace get age, rare tricks and I
Will foole the world, woot, doo't?

Hor. The Rate shall die. *Exeunt generally.*

*Enter Countesse, three or fourre yong Gentle-
women, sowing by an houre-glaſſe.*

Con. Quick prettie Damsels, that your task were done
The fore-noones eldest minutes almost runne.

1 Gen. Then the glaſſe runs too fast.

Con. I thinke not so,
Hadſt thou my cares, thoudſt think it ran too low.

2 Gen. I haue my taske forſooth.

Co. So haue not I.

Law-tricks, or

Yet with these lands my sorrowes run away
I turne them with the glasse, the glasse is run,
Yet my hudge masse of cares is scarce begun,
Here's a fault, little one what worke make you.

1 Gen. True stitch forsooth.

Cou. Then see you worke it true.

3 Gen. Pray madam teach me to take out this knot
Of hearts ease,

Cou. Hearts ease, I have almost forgot,
I could haue wrought it well when I was young:
But in good sadness, I haue had none long.
What's that?

2 Gen. A branch of Rue.

Cou. A comon weed,
of all herbes else I worke that well indeede,
how chance your flower is behinde the glasse?

2 Gen. Indeede I'll get it vp:

Cou. Indeede alas.

I cannot chide with her, yet tyrant care,
At my intreate will not one sight forbear:

2 Gen. Why sigh you madam?

Cou. Oh I greeue to see,
Youth run to eath at their owne misery.
You are like Aprill or Rose buds in May,
You never wither, till the weddug day,
Euen so did I, so pretty soules will you,
Youth wears mild Hearts ease, marriage bitter Rue.

2 Gen. Be not so sad, good madam, do but smile,
Weele haue a song sad sorrow to beguile.

Cantant. Enter Horatio.

Her. Sauc you faire Ladies, madam, my busynesse
leads me to you. Exceasere.

Cou. If in your antient suite,
My cares are deafned and my utterance mute.

Ho. Your care, be wood, what shold beget this coynes
were

who would haue thought it.

Were I a stranger, or some Citty Gull
I wold commend thee, but I know the worlde,
Lodging is costly, maintenance askes charge:
Thou art diuorc'd and hast no other helpe,
But thy bare comingis in: accept my Loue,
I wll allow thee twenty pound a quarter.
To buy thee Pinnes.

Count. Leauue this ymodest suite.
Or by my honor——

Hor. Come, these words of course
My fame, myne honor, and my deare respect:
Aie but like Ignes fatni to delude,
Greene and vnseason'd wits, pry thee be kinde,
A gilded slip carreyes as faire a shew,
As perfect gold, guilt honor may do so

Count. But put your slip to triall, the slight gold,
Is soone rubd of:

Hor. Come, thy distincions sold
Let not thy Aprill bewty like a Rose,
Fade in the bud, and ripened pleasures lose,
My sword thy honor: thy estate my purse,
Shall man and strengthen,

Count. I detest that course.

Hor. Your husband hath a sweete heart:

Count. For his ill.

Shall I turne traitor & myne own fame kill?

Hor. Tis dead already, euery idle tongue,
Stabs it to death.

Count. I haue the greater wrong. (good

Hor. Thou wrongst thy selfe & spurnst thy proper
Am I not youthfull see my wanton blood
Daunceth within my vaines, and blushing, Courts
Thy generous bewty to more amorous sports,
You shall not choose.

Count. hands cl. *Hor.* I loue the e deere.

Count. I hate thee deadly.

Hor.

Law-tricks, or

Hor. Doost thou?

Con. Shall I swaere?

Ho. No, ile beleue thee Phoenix of thy sex,
I glorie in thy vertues, and reueale,
What by my oath I promisid to conceale.
Your ialous husband vrgde me to this tryall,
Pawning his oath vpon your strict denyall,
all bastard Ialousie shold be exilde,
and antient loue entirely reconfilde.
I touch'd your heart, and now I finde it true,
Ile give you notice, ile impaison you.

Co. Thou speakest all comfort.

Hor. I was made of hope.

and rich perfourmance waits vpon my words.

Con. Father of my faire fortunes, whose rich loue
begets this reuniting covenant,
When comes this long expected sealing day?

Hor. To morrow, the houre eight.

Con. Certaine?

Hor. As life.

Con. Then follow mee to feast,
Thy newes Horatio is the Welcomst guest. Exit

Hor. Swell heart, hold bosom, yeeld not to relent,
and yet her beautie, colourable trash,
Her vertues, vengeance Hypocriticall,
I loue her, furie, poison, Hidraes gall,
Impatience man me, blacke damnation
Vsher my practice, poysone play thy part,
and doe my lateſt greetings to her heart.
We all must downe, yet here the difference lyes,
Many for ſins, ſhe for her vertue dyes. Exit.

, *Aetus Quartus.*

Enter Polymetes, Iulio, Horatio, Emilia & Pages

Pol. T Tristella.

Em. My Lord?

Pol. Good wine needes no bush , nor a good face
painting

I whowould haue thought it.

payting thou art fauour of thy selfe , and what thou
costis not vnder a colour.

Em. I know no other paynter but one, and her name
is modestie , and she sometimes throwes a blush into my
face to make my pale checkes red , but clay you shall ne-
ver take mee for an Aldermans poast.

Po. Why an Aldermans poest?

Em. Marke but where great poasts are newly pain-
ted , you shall see much egress & regresse in and out ,
& where you see a face newly okered , tis a signe ther's
great traffique , & much stirring to and fro.

Po. Come sit,sit,nay neerer,neerer,neerer yet.

Em. Then I shall sit vpon your skirts.

Po. Julio and Horatio,what shal's haue to supper?

I am now in the spending wayne.

Em. Then God for me;what make I so neare?

Po. Good action,you shall not remoue , I learme
that phrase of myne vncle , boy , know what Adam
hath bespoken for our palates.

Where there a banquetto be had,
More rare and deere,then that Vitellius made:
It shoulde be seru'd in, but Horatio,
What shal wee eate that's costly, and that's rare?

Ho. A roated Phoenix were excellent good for that
Lady.

Em. And why for that Ladie.

Ho. Fare ech'd and deere bought , is good for
you know hwo.

Em. For Ladys.

Ho. I for Ladys.

Em. Then the most cheape stiffe, and next to hand
is good for you know who.

Ho. For knaues.

Em. I for knaues.

Enter the Page and Adam.

Lu. Adam what haue you ready.

F

Ad.Sir

Law-tricks, or

Ad. Sir you may haue a Calueshead.

Em. here's a Gentleman hath one in his hat already,
no more. Calues head I pray thee .

Po. Hast any Pheasants or Partridges?

Ad. No, but if your Lord-shipe will haue a dish of
Woodcocks.

Em. No for God-sake, they are the stalest meate with
me of any , for I never sit to meate with these gal-
lants , but there's Woodcocks cleane through the
table.

Ad. Then valesse you will haue a Dotrell or a
Gull.

Em. A Gull? why which of these Gent. woot thou
scrue in? do you not heare how *Adam* flouts you?

Ad. I meane a Sea-gull bakt.

Em. I in any case lets haue that ; I haue fed my wit
on many a land-Gull , once let mee banquet my selfe
of a Sea-gull , some Sea Captain, I lay my life that has
a desire to sup with mee, but such as thou hast, I prithee
be briefe

Po. Lay the table in the with-drawing roome.

Ad. I will sir, your honor can haue no Larks Ile as-
sure you.

Poll. And why?

Ad. Two Citizens sonnes and a Poet bought vp all
ith towne, flung away the bodies onely to haue a pye
made of the braines.

Enter Duke Fernez disguised.

Em. A signe either they lackd braines, or else they
did it because they would beare a braine.

Fer. Twas tolde me that the young Lord Polymetes
Was entred here.

Po. Hethat so tolde thee fellow tolde thee true.

Fer. I cry

who would hau thought it.

Fer. I cry your Lordship mercy, let this letter
Supply th'vn willing office of my tongue,
And be the sad reporter of my newes.

Poll. What ominous news can Polymetes daunt?
Haue we not Hyren heere?

Fer. O wⁱd not all thy Metamorphosis
Can shew such transformation, oh my God!
It is not possible, (is this my sonne?)
A has mistooke himselfe, my life a has,
For the seauen liberall sciences; a rades,
The seauen blacke deadly finnes.
Must you needes sonne turne ouer these limmen leaves
having such store of paper? this is miraculous.

Pol. Newes, newes my hearts will make your iocund
soules daunce in your bosomes, now which ioyfull
tongue amongst you all cries sirl God sau^e the Duke?
God sau^e Duke Polymetes.

In. The newes is not so happy.

Po. Tush looke here.

Fer. My Lord I'me sorry for your heauinessie.

Po. Thou shouldest haue said so to a Porter that's
heauy loaden.

But come, sit, sit in councell, let's deuize
How to spend all this countiſſe masse of wealth,
My father hath bequeath'd mee at his death,
Quite from the popular and vulgar garbe,
We will be oide in all things, and retaine
No common humor in our large expence.

Fer. An honorable minde, and were your father
Alive to note these hopefull parts in you,
How would it moue him and surprize his heart?
But now my lord: my message being done,
I must returne; I'me glad I haue found your sonne.

Po. For thy good newes take that along with thee,
Looke here Tris, would not these (Exit Duke)
Make notable states-mē? methinks state steals vpō me.

Law tricks, or

Em. And I haue knowne some steale state.

Pol. Then they came never truely by it as I doe, but
pergit porro, methinks I could make an indifferent
careles Duke.

Lv. And I could make a notable Courtier, methinks
I am begging alreadie.

Pol. O myne Vnkle would make an Excellent Court
Spaniell, he wculd sent out offices & conceald lands, a
hundred mile of, and a were my casheere but twentie
yeares, I durst change liuings with him.

Em. But what imployment for *Horatius*?

Pol. O, he would make a good grumbling surly po-
litician, thou shalt be my politician.

Ho. I shall never be lou'd.

Em. Not lou'd, your reason?

Int. I hate the base and rascall multitude,
I can not nod, ride bare-head through the streetes,
Nor wreath my body like a Cable Hat-band
To euerie Pedler and mechannick Townes-man,
I hate the poore, am envious at the rich,
Loue none.

Pol. Yes, women.

Hor. Faith after a sort, I loue a good smooth face,

Em. Then you loue mine.

Hor. And fortie more.

Pol. I muse yoe doe not marrie.

Hor. I would to night, vpon condition
That I might burie her to morrow, God Boy.

Pol. Fill him some wine.

Ho. I cannot drinke, god boy.

Po. It is not poysone'd.

Hor. Hum, I cannot tell,
The Countesse drunke and dide.

Po. Come, come.

Hor. Farwell.

Pol. Still in the bags of Melancholly, pax on't, tis
st.let

who would haue thought it.

Ier then Tobacco, not so much but the singing Cobler is growne melancholly, and correctes shoes in hys mour, sic ont, come sit, we must talke about many matters, Riso, Ille bee singuler, my Royall expence shall run such a circular course that the Rascall spawne of Imitators shall split their wooden braines, and sinke their wealth in the Gulse of prodigalities, and yet like a bad Archers shaft, fall fixescore short of their ayme, my expence shall be royall and peculiar.

Em. Ille fashion you a course.

Po. Diuinely, come.

Em. Diuinely indeede, serue God, liue honestly, relish not Atheisme.

Pol. Thats cleane out of the fashion indeede.

Ad. Then good.

Pol. Because out of the fashion, set downe that Adam

Ad. Tis done.

Jul. I haue't my Lord, I haue't yfaith.

Po. Nay quickly, how?

Jul. Weele keepe no Pages.

Po. Excellent, that's cleane out of the fashion for Pages, that's good, that stands, downe with it Adam.

Ad. Tis done sir.

Jul. Weele vse no great Horses.

Pol. How shall we ride then?

Hor. On Mules and sliue Asses.

Em. Downe with that Adam.

Pol. But, for my traime, for a Page with Pages,

Em. Maintaine a hundred Gallants at your heeles,

Liue in the Countrie, entertaine agen

Into the Court, long-banish'd hospitalitie,

Who since the first great hose with Codpeeces grewe
out of fashion neere durst shew his head.

Po. Another, set it downe, ille spend after fortie po d
a day, ille see which of my cheuerill braind immitators
dares follow my tashion; sblood I cannot drinke To-

Lawtricks, or

bacco two daies, but the third the Churchwardens & Sidemen are at it in the Alehouse in sermontime, I can-
not weare a suite halfe a day but the Tailors Journey-
men crepes into't: I cannot keepe a blockpriuate, but
every Citizens sonne thrusts his head into it: I cannot
keepe a wench but euery grand-Jurors sonne in the
Countre initiates me, I care not if I make it petty trea-
son for any man to kisse vnder ten pound a Kisse,

Ad. Oh my Lord, twill never passe ith the Lower-
house, they will not loose their libertie of killing.

Her. Then keepe a leash of Wenchies.

Po. As common as cracking of nuts, not a sciuing-
man, but doth as much.

Iul. Fore-god I haue't, peculiar I haue't.

Po. What ist Iulio?

Iul. Your honour shall keepe no wenchies at all.

Em. No wenchies? what shall become of me then?

Po. I must be bound with you. Tis, you must pack,
many women they say are common, and ile entartaine

nothing that sauors of Communistic, I wil not diuulge.

Em. Nay, but hark you my Lord, though you main-
taine me, you doe not lye with me, and I thinke that's
the newer fashion.

Po. Foresgod the newest of all, for there's not a
gallant maintains his wench but a will lye with her,
downe with that Adam.

Ad. Tis done.

Enter Ioculo the Page.

Ioc. My Lord my Lord, the Duke your father with
a great traine is comming.

Po. From heauen or hell.

Ioc. That's more then I knowe, but by the faith of a
page, or the worde of a Gent. which you will, hee is a-
ziu'd and in great state entred the Cittie.

Iul. Zounds

who would haue thought it.

Iu. Zounds wheres the flauie that brought the false report of his death?

Pol. But art sure tis my father?

Ioc. Or else your Mother did you the more wrong, shift for your selues, for he is come.

Pol. My father aliue and come home, haue a me what shift? come home & finde the Court turned Ale-houise Dicing-house, Dauncing schoole, I am vndone horse and foote.

Em. Some *Rosafolis* or *Aqua mirabilis* ho, for our generall coward's in a swoune.

Po. I know you are a hotshot in a feather-bed Tris, but that will not serve turne now, therefore fall off, the enemie is too strong, deede Tris, euerie Lambe to his fold, and Cony to her Borough, for the olde Foxe is abroad no, wyl not bee? why then God a mercyes braine.

Cedant arma togæ, my gowne and booke boy, some sudden devise to keep him back halfe an houre, and win my good opinion for ever.

Ioc. And I doe not, let mee die of the bastinas doe.

Exeunt.

Enter Duke Fernez, Angelo, and other Nobles attendants.

Duke. Lords, make a stand, I wonder that our Sonne glads not our wiſte arriuall with his presence.

Ang. No doubt my Lord, his honorable care, Is not acquainted with your sudden landing.

Duk. We take it so, and whilst our ſelue in person Enquire the caufe, attend vs in the Hall, Little thinkes he his father is ſo neare, But vnxpected, ile goe startle him, And put his wit vnto the preſent tryall.

Enter

Law-tricks, or

Enter Ioculor.

Pag. where's the Prince?

Io. my most honor'd Lord?

In private conference with an English post,

Du. An English post?

Io. An English post my Lord: the effect of his letters
I know, not but I heard him begin a most strange dis-
course.

Du. Of what I prithee?

Io. Please your honor take a turne or two, I shall re-
late (quickly my Lord) heereports there fell such an
Inundation of waters in the moneth of July, about the
third of dog-dayes, that the Owers and Scullers that
use to worke in the Thames, rowd ouer houses &
landed their faires in the middle Isle of Paules.

Du. Is't possible?

Io. Very easely possible (sfoot quickly) and more
the fishermen that rid betweene Dover and Calis,
ooke red Spurlin, and she Mackerell in the midst of
the Exchange, which made mutton so cheape and
stale, that it is thought the better halfe of the townes-
men will run horne mad about it.

Du. It cannot b e.

Io. Not be? why looke you sir,

Du. Nay.

Io. But heare the conclusion, just on Saint Lukes day
coming shalbe a twelve-month, Westminster & Win-
chester, drinking a quart of wine together on Salis-
bury-playne fell into hard words and strange termes,
there was thou knaue and I knaue, and such soule
words, as if tow young Barristers had bene breathing
their wits for a wager, (sfoot make an ende) now it
was thought Westminster stood most upon his termes,
yet in the end Winchester got one of his best termes
from

who would have thought it.

from him spight on his teeth , which so vexed West-
minster , that it grew to a deadly fewd , which was so
hottly pursude that the taking vp of the matter cost
many broken heads .

Dr. How.

7*v.* So sir, (shooft not done yet?) and had not Charing-crosse a tall bow legd Gent: taken vp the matter, tis thought Westminster stones would haue bin too hot for some of them: and in parting the fray, Charing-crosse got such a box o'the eare , that hee will carry it to his deathsday , some say a got awry neck by'parting the fray , marry Winchester sayes flatly, a got a creeck in his neck , with looking westward for Termers.

Du. Thou shouldest haue tolde me.

Lv. Of the English poast: why looke you my Lord,
the poast comming in poast-hast to shew his duty to
the Prince , stumbled at a post that lay in his way
and broke his sinister shanck , and so I breake of my
discourse and bid your honor welcome home. Exiit

Ds. What a strange tale is here? of floods and hills
of Charing-cross, Termes', and I know not what;
and when I loo'd for the conclusion,

A break s of all and leaves me in a Cloud.

Enser Julio.

Du. There is some trick in't, honord'Julio?

Jn. Health to my Soueraigne.

Mr. How fares our Sonne?

Hau'e your inducements drawn him from his humor?

In. Faith my Lord I haue done a childe's part , and
almost spent a childe's part , to draw him to society,
but tis labor lost.

Du. What is his business with the English post?

1w. The English peast my Lord? your grace is

Law-tricks, or merry.

D_r. His boy informd mee a held conference,
Bout serious matters with an English poast.

I_n. Alas my Lord , the boy is lunatique.

D_r. How lunatique? and a fore' god we thought
A tolde a mad discourse, but th' occasion.

I_n. I tell you my Lord , comming a bruptly as
your honor or any else may do to the Princes cham-
ber , about some ordinarie seruice , atcund him in
his study , and a company of botlnofd Devils
dauncing the Irish hay about him , which on the
sudden so startled the poore boy , as a cleane
lost his wittes, and ever since talkes thus idle , as
your Excelence hath heard him

D_r. But tell mee doth my sonne conuerse with
Devils?

I_n. As familiarly as you and I , they are his only
company keepers , when a hath bene duld at his
study , I haue knowne a Devil land hee play at
Ticktack for phillips , by the whole day together.

D_r. Tis passing strange , but may wee without
danger go neere his study?

I_n. At your honors spleasure,

Discover Polymeres in his study.

I_n. See where a fits, be Patient and obserue.
Po. p reuented still now by Medn/aes snakes,
And black Erinnis: euer burning lampe,
If all the skill in pyromantique rules,
Deep Eromancy, or the pretious soule,
Of Ge manique spells and Characters
Grauen in the surfase of our mother earth,

Can

who would haue thought it.

Can worke this strange atcheiumente,

Ang. How his braine sweates in pursuite of learning

Duk. Oh attend.

Poly. The first house is vulgariz'd, the Horoscop or Angle of the Orient, and his Ascendant betokeneth beginning of life, Marchandise, marriage and—

Duk. Lets breake him off.

Inl. So please your excellency.

Pol. The second and third house, the third House is cadent from the Angle of the Orient, and Ascendant to the Angle Septentrional, signifying Fathers Sisters and Daughters absent and lost, Daughters and fathers lost; here then I finde my demaund, the Maid lost my Sister, thus then I proportion my figure, there I place my witnesses, and heare my ludge, and thus proceede to the Inuocation.

Inl. Renowned Prince, Prince Polymetes, zoundes Prince.

Pol. Discourteous Iulio, giue my studdie leaue.

Inl. Hart not a jot, the Duke your father.

Pol. Ile make my father ioyfull by my toile,
Had not thy folly interrupted me,
My hopes ere this had met their period.

An. Your princely father.

Pol. O torment me ror with his remembrance.

Inl. S'blood hee's safe returnd.

Poly. O would a were, then shold not Genozen
Crown,
For want of strong supportance be prest downe.
Itt not enough, that like a ha'meles Prince
Spending my houres in Contemplation,
I let you holde the riues of my aertament.
Vnfit for me, my father hath a decepe
And searching judgement that can brush and sweepe

G 2 Such

Law-tricks, or

such idle brayn'd and antique Parasites,
Forth of his presence, pray your absence,

Du. I can but smile to see how Protheus like,
They turne the shape of their discourse & project,
Thinking to leade me in an idle maze,
after their folly, well, Ile temporize,
and note the issue, come my Lords let's sin,
His humour's grounded, and like subtle fier:
The more supprest, it mounts so much the hie.

Iu. Why so, this iest came smoothly of and was not
soild in the working

Exeunt.

Po. That boy is worth his waight in pearle , dist
markewhat a tale of a Ccck and a Bull , he tolde my
father whilst I made thee and the rest away , by a bill
of Conveyance at his back?

Iu. And I did simple Knights seruise in perswading
the Duke the boy was lunatique.

Po. twas admirable , doth not this iest deserue to be
chronicled?

Iu. No by my troth , yet I must needs say , some as
bad haue bin, for how soever our practise passe currant
with your father for the present , our villanyes must
needs break forth, they are so notorious and publique.

Po. No matter let am , haue not we brayns? brayns
and they be well minde are sauce for any meate, let
mine vncle turne Turxe and break forth, let the
whole towne turne cuckold and blow their hornes
in our disgrace, I haue brains , let the Sunne and the
seauen Stars be oppos'd , I haue brayns for that too
my present wit shall giue am all the lye in their
throates, and mayntayne it at pocket,dagger, and pi-
stoll when I haue done.

Enter

whowould haue thought it.

Enter Horatius page.

Iu. A mourner boy? what solemnne funerall,
Hath hung that sable liuery on thy back?

Pa. Her death my Lord that hath cut out the like,
For both your honors, the Countesse is deceast.

Pol. Then will my vncle be a hauy mourner.
But how the manner of her death?

Pa. Ile tell your honor that hereafter and giue you
the ground of an admirable iest.

Pol. And we play not true moals and worke it out of
the ground, let me dye of the greene-sicknesse.

Iu. The ground then comes?

Pa. No Ile tell you that in priuate, the life of a iest
thriues in the first revealing, it concernes the manner
of your avnts death and a law-trick of your vncle.

Pol. Come to the solempnites, and weepe at least
those being ended wele receiue your iest. *Exeunt.*
Solempne Musique to a funerall song the Herse borne ouer
the stage, Duke Lurdo, Polymetes, Angelo, Iulio,
Horatio and mouners &c. *Exeunt.*

Manet Horatio.

Ho. What is a man; hart a the Dewill meere fools,
His iuch inuention, Machiuilian plots:
Idle illusiuе antick phantasies.
Apelles grapes, I had as full a brayne,
Fertile inuention and as forward hopes,
As man could father, or his wit bring forth:
Yet in a minute in bubbles age,
The venomd fury of a bitter spleene,
Confounded all, forgetfull that I was,
Women are moulded out of bashfulnesse:
And must be drawne to kindnesse by degrees.
All this I knew.

Enter Count. Lurdo.

Lur. Neither the Law nor I,

Law-tricks, or

Know any reason why Horatio.
But murn, Law-tricks as closely as I can,
Mine care shall drinke his meditation.

Hor. Had she laru'd Time ——

Lur. Might haue found vs out,
Good, fawne in Law, I am a foole to doubt,
His constant secrecie.

Hor. But now shee's dtdad.

Lur. The deepest wit could not haue bettered;
Our smooth conueyance, but vpright and streight,
Vnknowne, vnseene, ile worke vpon conceit. Exit

Hor. Had she bene living, golden promises,
The smoothe Attorneys to a Leuers tongue
Might haue in tim: solicited my suite,
Gifteis might haue pleaded, mournefull Elegies,
Told her my passions, had she bene compoſde
Of Steele or flint, nay, made of wemens hearts,
The most obdurate mettle, Time and Art,
But she is dead, oh hell ! and in her tombe.
My hopes are buried.

Enter count Lardo againe.

Lur. My conceited braine,
Hath an odde crotchet call'd me backe againe.

Hor. To all these bad mis-fortunes should the Count
vle any trickes ?

Lur. Ha? a talkes of trickes,
Of count and tricks, for trickes and count are twinns.

Hor. Yet I regard not.

Lur. I am right and streight.

Hor. Say a complaine ?

Lur. Suppose he tell the Duke he gave the poison.

Hor. He conciu'd her death, and cannot wrong me,

Lur. Fie, I feare him no:,

He doth but father, what my braine begot. Exit.

Hor. This comfort yet which many want I haue,

To follow my faire fortunes to the graue. Exit

Actus

whowould haue thought it.

ACTUS QUINTUS.

*Enter Horatius Page With a Theues
Lanthorne.*

Page. O H, shall I venter? has, shall I enter?
Shild me Appollo, the ground is so hollow
That euerie step I treade vpon it,
Me hinkes it sings a dead mans Sonnet.
Fates, oh Fates be honest Drabs,
Feare giues me ten thousand stabs,
I dare not further, tis wilfull murther,
Thus late ro treade the cloyster vaults.
For though i'me small, I haue great mens faults,
Then gentle Fates, take some remorse,
I watch an honest, kinde, quick course,
Graunt that no Hobgoblins fright me,
No hungrie devils rise vp and bite me:
No Vrchin, Elues, or drunckards Ghoasts,
Shoue me against walles or postes,
O graunt I may no black thing touch,
Though many men loue to mete such.
But heere's the tombe, my hopes suffizing,
I watch a dainrie Duckes vprising,
Her cheeke now are chilly, as is the pale lilly, (Roses)
But when her eye vncloses, theile looke like two faire

Enter Horatio with a light.

A light my maister? or some spright,
Yet What neede Devils haue candle-light,
Tis he, all hid, ile not be seene,
For once this tombe shall be my screene.

He hides himselfe.

Hor. I cannot rest, my guilt keepes ope mine eyes,
My passion rips my bosome, and my Blood
Is turn'd to poysoned water, and so swels,
That my vext soule, endures a thousand hel's.
If I chance flumber, then I dreame of Serpents,

Toades,

Law-tricks, or

Toades, altogether, and such venomous euils,
As hale me from my sleepe like forked Deuils,
Midnight, thou Aethiope, Empresse of black soules,
Thou general Bawde to the whole word, I salute thee,
Wishing thy poison dropt vpon my braine,
For my so rude, so rash, so heedles murthe,
In the ambition & the height of lust,
Not giuing my blood libertie to coole.
To poison such a beautie, O black Fate !
Thus many killd, too soone repent too late.
Soft, stay, this sames the chilly monument,
I hat huggs her bodie in his marble armes.
Thou gentle soule of my deceased loue ?
O, were but possible to inioy thy voice,
Thy sweet Harmonious voice, I should be blest,
But Eene to daily with thy silables,
O tombe.

Pa. Notombe but Cesterne fild with teares.

Ho. O heart !

Pa. No heart, but sinke of greefe and feares.

Hor. Countesse, soule shaddow, shadow speake again.

Pa. Speake agen.

Ho. What should I speake , my hate, or thy huge
wrongs ?

Pa. Hudge wrongs.

Hor. Hudge wrongs indeede, but charitable soule,
What ransome shall I pay thee for thy life ?

Pa. Thy life .

Ho. My life ?

Pa. I, I life.

Ho. Discourteous ayre,
My blood is frozen with dispaire.

Pa. Dispaire.

Hor. Pardon forgiue me, shall I goe ?

Pa. I goe.

Hor. But shall your hate pursue me, I or no ?

Pa. No.

who would haue thought it.

Pa. No.

Hor. Adieu my greefe and ile go sleepe.

*[P.
a.]* Pray God my tongue can my hearts couſel keep

*Haſt are you vaniſht? let me ſee, a may be fallen
aſſleepe againſt ſome pillar, for ile be ſworn a talk'd ve-
rie idely, Abut deceſſit enaſt erupſt, I would fain know
that Wag that can put me down for a womans Ghoſt
extempore, eſpecially if it were to be performde vnder
a tombe cloath, but hicer lay the desperate venter, had
ſhe chaunc'd to haue riſen, and ſpoke before hir qu,
as about thiſ time ſhe muſt iſle, or my ſleepie drinke
plaies, the drowſie companion with her.*

Enter Horatio againe.

Hart a me, my maister againe, what crosse points are
theſe? I ſee I muſt betake me to my late refuge,

Hor. It was no Ghoſt, ſubtile opinion,
Working in mans decayed faculties,
Cuts out and shapes illuſive fantasies,
And our weak apprehenſions like wax,
Receiuie the freine, and preſently conuey
Vnto our dull immagination.
And hereupon we ground a thouſand lies,
As that we ſee Devils ratling their chaines,
Graſtes of dead men, varietie of ſpirits,
When our owne guiltie conſcience is the hell,
and our black thought, the Cauerns where they dwel:
Yer ſure this was her ishadow, for I heare
Her laſt words ſound ſtill dauncing in mine eare.
Then gentle ſoule, iſ thou beeft yet vntiſonde,
Anſwe're one queſtion and no more.

*P.
a.,* No more?

Hor. May my heart true repentaunce ſatisfie,
My wiſtul murther, your replie.

*P.
a.* I.

H

Ho. Thanks

Laytricks, or.

Ho. Thanks, thosand thanks, and so farewell.

Po. Farewell.

Ho. The bane of murder is dispaire and hell. Exit.

Pa. Was ever poore little knaue put to his last
trumps as I am? what shall I do now; my heart goes
pit a pat in my belly like a paire of washing beetles,
should a returne again now, as my hand to a Lobster-
pye a will, all the Fat were in the fier, but harke tis
one a clock, and iust about this minute she should
play the wagtaile and stur.

Cou. What trance was this? where am I?

Pa. Oh she speakes, Fates and be good girles keepe
my maister away, and let his man haue a little sport
with his mistresse.

Cou. What place is this? am I in heauen or no.

Pa. No.

Cou. What voice is that? is this place earth?

Pa. Earth.

Cou. Earth? how came I hither? do I liue again?

Pa. Liue again.

Cou. What voice is that? a woman or some youth?

Pa. Youth.

Cou. My feares will murther me, my powers are
frighted.

Pa. Ahlas poore stirring ghost art ouer sprighted.

Cou. Boy.

Pa. mestresse.

Cou. Tell mee.

Pa. all and more anso.

The sleepy drink hath plaid the honest man,

Cou. What sleepy drink? how came I in this tembe?

Pa. Ile tell you that in a more priuate roome,

Away Ile tell you a strange wonder,

Then winteres lightning, or Christmas thund er,

Then to my fathers trip and go,

Nimble preuention ont runs woc.

Exeunt.
Enter

who would haue thought it.

*Enter Fernere the Duke, Count Lurdo, Angelo, Horatio
and Adam with others attydans.*

Dn. No more of mourning brother, we haue laid
Our timeless sorrowes in a quiet graue,
When men interre their comfort let them weepe:
Not when their crying charme is laide to sleepe.

Ln. Great Duke mine eyes are not thus great with
teares,

For our grieves funerall, but that her shame,
And future scandall will ouerline her name,

Dn. Come let mirth kill it, and to your discourse,
Is our sonne growne vnto that height of rōe
Your speeches intimate.

Ln. Your highnesst knowes,
I know the law, if I haue wrongd the Prince,
I stand in compas of a premonition,
And he by writte of *ad quoddam dampnum* may,
Sue his recovery, I know the law.

Dn. Nay his owne letter partly graunts as much,
But note his subtle reason, here a wits,
That offset purpose a laid by himselfe,
And plaid the parte of a wilde prodigall,
Onely to put your loue vnto the test,
On which aduantage to igrefe his wealth,
You did indeare him to society,
Of carelesse wantons and light Curtezans,
Made secret vaults and cellers vnder ground.

Ln. Non tenet in bocardo I demurre,
Do but send out your *processus summoneas*,
Or *capias ut legatum* to attach,
And bring him *viva voce* tongue to tongue,
And *vi & armis* He reuenge this wrong.

Dn. Leauet that to triall, here a further writte,
That by his skill and practice in black Art,
He hath found out and by much toyle redeemd,
My daughter from the Turkish seruitude.

H 2

Ln. Redeemd

Lawtricks, or

Lo. Redeeme your daughter! an apparent error,
Which you by way of *melus inquerendum*.
May soone discuse, he ransome home your daughter
Assure as I made cellars vnder ground,
Or playd his pardar.

Ds. How soere it proue,
I meane to try the vtmost of his wit,
To see how quaintly he can beare himselfe:
But who comes here.

Enter Emilia.

Ad. Marry my good Lord, this is the greene bur,
that stuck so close to the young Princes sleeve, the
shoemakers cutting knife, that fitted his boots to the
prodigall's last.

Lo. It I be *(emportmentis)*, this is shee,
Must play your daughters part, my Lord beware,
Worke close cock sive, I se the gin the snare.

Em. Most reverend father.

Lo. Father? now it fits,
Ware an olde Fox, Duke I haue braynes I haue wits.

Du. Immodest impudent and shameles girle,
Is't not enough thou hast mis-led my sonne,
And wrang his reputation?

Em. How wrongd him father? I must needs say I
haue playd Will with the wispe with my brother and
haue led him vp and downe the maze of good fellow-
ship, till I haue made his wit and his wealth both
turne sick but for any other wrong, I appeale to him-
selfe, my vncle honest *Intowhere* is a: and all the rest
of this good Audience, therefore pray good father.

Du. Out of my sight, thou art no childe of myne,

Em. Yare the more beholding to some of your neigh-
bours, tut mā looke on mee well, here's your nowne
nose, and thick kissing lip vp and downe, and my
mother

who would haue thought it.

mother were living , she would never bussie you more,
till you confess I were your daughter.

Ds. What an audacious naughty pack is this?
Haue her before a Justice, *Adam*.

Em. Do, with all my heart good father , send mee
to a Justice, for a pretty woman with a smooth tongue
and an Angels voice , can do much with Justice in
this golden age , but thus much afore I go , if Justice
will not provide me a better father , Ile haue you , or
Ile giue the beadle of the ward a fee to cry , a new fa-
ther a new , as they do oysters at Callis. *Exit.*

Ds. Brother are you acquainted with this woman?

Lo. I must needs say that at my nephews suite,

I gaue her a months lodgng and her diet.

But *Nada veritatem in bare truth,*

& bona fide without circumstance,

Splendens Sole the bright Sun nere sawe,

A wench more capable of wit and law,

And how soere she is with bewty grac'd,

I dare engage myne honor she is chaste,

Ds. I give your words good credit, yet i stare,

to finde a woman wanton, chaste and fayre,

But now vnto my sonne, whose powerfull art,

Strives to vngive his sisters scritude,

Polimedes in his study.

Po. Thanks Heate, thou hast insphearde my hope

In a golde circle , o were my father here,

This sight would of his age bate twenty yeare.

Ds. What sight my sonne.

Po. Lend mee your watry eye,

That swims in passion for my sisters losse,

And in this booke prospetive, let it read,

A pleasing lecture.

Ds. I conceiu two shapes.

A ciuill merchant and a bewteous mayd.

Their pace is speedy and my flower eyse,

Law-tricks, or

Cannot keepe way with their celerity.

Po. That maid's my sister, whome on magiques
wing,

To this fayre presence, my rich Art shall bring,
Prepare to meeete them, for this minutes age,
sends with my charme their airy pilgrimage.

Enter Iulio like a Marchant, and Iaculo like a Lady.

Iu. Where are we now? how strang ~~we~~ were we
borne

Vpon the pinions of the fleeting ayre,
And where dismounted vnto what great Prince
Christian or Pagan longs this mansion.

Io. Are we in any sociable place?
Or in the Cell of some Magitian,
Who by his skill in hellish exorcismes,
Made vs his thrall?

Du. I can forbeare no longer,
Welcome thrice wellcome.

Iu. Welcome?

Io. Whence?

Iu. To whome?

Du. To mee.

Ang. to vs. *Du.* Thy father.

Lu. and thy friendes.

Io. do not beguile vs, O Demetrio?
We are betraide, see the Magitian,
That by his cunning and strong working charmes,
Brought vs vnkowne.

Du. Into thy fathers armes,
Welcome Emilia, with this luory chayne,
I sphære my hopes and in thy bosome rayne,
These teares of comfort, then embrase thy friends.
Thy Brothers Arte all further difference endes.

Io. Your City.

Du. Genoa.

Iu. and

who would haue thought it.

Io. And your reverend name.

Duk. Ferneze.

Io. Father.

Lur. Yes the verie same,

I doe remember when she went to nurse,
What a curst vixen twa's, but now shee's growne.

Io. Not past all goodnes, yet I hope sir : but yfaith
Brother wast you that brought vs from Turky a cock-
horse ? and your Genoan hackneye be so quick pac'd
you shall haue more of our Custome.

Duk. Lay by 'discourse, what Gentleman is that
comes vnuited to our feast of ioy.

Io. Pray welcome him father, hec's a Genoan mar-
chant, that with much suite ransom'd mee from the
Turke.

Duk. My hopes redeemer welcome, but proceede
Vnto the doubtfull fortunes of my childe:

Twas tolde me she was stolne from *Monte sancta*.

Io. You helpe my memorie, thence she was stolne,
And for her beautie, chosen Concubine
To the lasciuious Turke, but by much suite,
And meditation of some speciall friends,
I bought her freedome with a thousand markes.

Duk. Which weeke repay with ample interest,
Once more weeke bid you welcome, and to set
A smoother glosse vpon our merryment,
There's a quicke Wench that onely liues by wit,
Who vnderstanding I had lost my Daughter,
Borrow'd thy habit, and Vsurpes thy name,
One call her in, now Daugheer make thee fit,
To combat and dismount her active wit. *Exit. Adam*

Lur. A parlous Girle, her wits a meere Snaphaunce,
Goe's with a fire locke, she strikes fire from stones,
Shee knowes the Law too, a meere murthering peece,
Fight lowe, locke close, shee speakes meere lightning
Neece.

Ester

Law-tricks, or

Enter Adam with Emilia.

Em How now father, haue you put on your considering Cap, and bethought you? or shall I proceede and tra- uerse my writ of errors?

Lur. Ha, writ of errors? Law-trickes, words of Art Demurrs and quilletts.

Em. All not worth a pinne, will you bethinke you father?

Ds. I haue bethought me, and to let thee see,
The true proportion of thy impudence,
Behold my Daughter, whome thou personat'st.

Em. How, yout Daughter?

Ioc. Yes minkes, his Daughter.

Lur. My neece, and I will make it good.

Em. Prettie yfaith, haue ye any more of these tricks? I may be out-fac'd of wy selfe with a Cardoften, but yfaith Uncle, the best knaue ith bunch, nor all the law in your Budget cannot dno't, & as for you Sisley bum-trinkets, ile hane about with you at the singlē Stackado are you a woman?

Io. No.

Em. What then?

Io. A Maide.

Su. If this tonge falte, all our plots be vraide.

Em. If a true maide, lend a true maide your hand.

Ioc. Both hand and heart

Em. The like of me commaund,
Now I coniure thee by the loue
Y ou heare Dianes siluer Grome,
By Cupids bove, and golden arrow,
Venus Doue, and chirping Sparrow,
By al those voies, the listning windes,
Hearre when Maides vclaspe their mindes.
By those sweete oathes men vse in bed,
Beseeching of a Mauds head.

I doe

who would haue thought it.

I doe coniure you fore these Lords,
To answere truely to my words.

Io. By these and more, by all the scapes
Of amorous loue and Phœbus rapes,
By Louers sweet, and secret meetings,
Hand embracings and lip-greetings,

I promise you before these Lords,
To ansvere truely to your words.

Em. Where were you borne?

Io. In Genoa.

Em. Your name?

Io. Emilia.

Em. Lyenor.

Io. Twere open shame
to ly e before so many.

Em. In what Art were you instructed?

Io. That's not in my part.

Po. Say musique. *Em.* Quickly.

Io. I was taught to sing,
Vnto the Lute, and Court each amorous string
With a soft finger.

Em. Good, how many springs
Liu'd you in *Monte Santa*?

Io. Zoundes this stings.

Em. Howmany?

Io. Nine.

Po. Zoundes ten.

Io. Ten fops.

Em. Nay quicke.

Io. Twixt nine and ten.

Duke. Right, answere.

Io. I'the nick.

Em. Your age?

Io. What?

Io. Any thing.

Em. Come, sic, you linger.

I

Io. I

Lantricks, or

Io. I am just as old.

Em. As what?

Io. my little finger.

Em. You dally

Iu. Sixteene.

Po. Eighteene.

Io. Eighteene fooles,

Du. Nay and you prompt weele hisse you forth
the schooles.

Em. Come your reply, nay quick your certenage,

Io. I am just as old as — true Emiliaces page.

Du. A page?

An. Disguisde?

Ad. Wrapt in a wemans smock?

Io. Ime in a wood.

Em. And I can spring a cock,

Iu. Woodcock of our side :

Em. And you will so faire,

Make a cleere glade, Ile singe forth a paire.

Po. Fie her witte scaldes.

Lur. We shall haue change of weather.

Jul. Cocks of onchen, come prince, lets hold toges
ther.

Em. I thought we should finde a Counterfeite of you

Io. Then naile me to your lips with a kisse, and make
me currant painement.

Du. What, young Orlando? how dooes Charing-
Is Westminster yet friendes with Winchester? (Crosse?)

Po. Zoundes Iulio now.

Jo. Alas my Lord, it was a meere deuice to —

Iu. Make your Highnesse merry, when I heard
You were return'd without your wish'd Aduenture.

Du. Oh Maitter Marchant, you aduenturd well,
To cheate your selfe thus of a thousand markes,

Em. How now my Lord?

Lar. Nay, ile but see your brest, mine eyes desire,

No

whowould haue thought it.

No lower obiect.

Em. Go to, reade your errors.

Lur. I cannot now returne, *non est innuenta*,
Brother embrase your childe, your second heire,
I found firme witnes in her bosome bare.

Du. Art thou Emilia?

Em. Emelia, your Daughter, once a Turkish prisoner

Du. Receiue a ioyfull blessing rise and say,
What wit or power freed thee.

Em. Deere father, the manner both of my enlarging
and captiuing ile relate, when more conuenient time
and place shall incite me, but vpon this occasion, pray
giue me leaue to put my brother beside his melacholy

Du. I prethee do so.

Em. Why how now Student? grand Magitian,
Puritane, come, you never plaide the Wag,
You know not Winefrides hem, nor the Counts vault.

Du. A mort man? what, can Polymetes daunte
Hatha not Hyren heere?

Po. Zoundes all will out, braines ———

Du. Now for a hundred dozen of Larkes to make a
pie of the braines.

Po. Well, done it was, and out it must.

Du. Why how now Polymetes in a dump?

Wheres your *Venetian* Marchant and your Sister?

Po. Who? Emilia? why looke you heere father, doe
you thinke I knew her not? aske the Boy and Iulio, do
you thinke I would haue maintaind her as I did but
onely for affinities sake? what saide I at first Nuncle?
did I not vrge affinities? and you would see me hang'd
say and I did not vrge affinitie?

Em. And yet you pleaded hard for a nights lodging
Po. Onely to try thy honesty by this Element, aske
my vncle else?

Law-trickes, or

Enter Horatioes Page and whisper with
Polimedes.

Em. Hee's a sweet womanist.

Lur. No more a that, neece y'are a wag.

Em. Well said old water Ratt,

But that my brother Coniurer should fail,
In the black Art.—

Lu. In the black Pudding: pish,
Of all arts else, onely the law is firme.

Em. And yet that danceth changes euery Terme.

Po. Well ieston gallants, and vncle, you that make
a pish at the black Art, my books to the peece of Ar-
ras, where Venus and Adonis stood kissing and the
cuckoldly pandar Vulcan watch'd them , and all
your by waies to boot, I raise vp my Aunt your late
wife in the same proportion, habit and gesture, shew
vsually wore in her life time.

Du. Do that, I'll sweare there's vertue in thy Art.

Po. And if I do not, say Philosophie is foolery,
Logique legerdemaine, and Coniuring mere con-
catching, as indeed it is.

And now by vertue of this wand,
Each in his circle keepe his stand,
Now Beliall and Astaroth,
Sole commaunders of the North,
By Hecates head, Erinnis snakes,
Six and all internall Lakes,
I charge you kneele to Proserpine,
And by her licence all devine
Dismiss the Countesse from those shades,
Where pleasure springs and never fades.
Festina, cito, cauus, come
free Tenant of Elizium.

Enter Countesse, she writes a little, throwes downe
the paper and departs.

Du. The Count looks pale.

Ang. why starts Horatio?

Lu. What write the shadow?

Po. That

who would haue thought it.

Po. That, these lynes will shew,
Horatio, base Horatio poysond me,
I was your sister, right mine iniurie.

Du. Horatio?

Lx. Yes, Horatio poysond her
Reuenge it Duke be a true Iusticer.

Du. Reueng't I wil, degenerous homicide,
What reason led thee to so dam'd a deed?

Hor. I lou'd her, wood her, my hot loue denide
Changde into hate, I poison'd her, she dyde.

Du. Sounds this like truth.

Ho. And if you thinke I lyce,
Aske Lurdo, his damb'd tongue will answere L.

Duk. Had he a hand in't?

Lur. No, I will demurre.

Ad. Reuenge it Duke, be a true Iusticer.

Lur. He gaue the poison.

Hor. And you laide the plot

Ad. Knit vp two villaines in one riding knot.

Poly. What quillet now? *Inl.* At non place.

Em. Senceles, mute?

Silence cries guiltie, a lets fal the suite.

Lar. *Hor.* Our sentence guiltie,

Du. Then be this your doome,
You shall be clos'de alive in her dead tombe.

Ang. Urge a reprieue:

Lar. Our punishment defer,

Du. No, we must be an upright Iusticer;
To the execution.

Hor. Doe, the world shal proue

My heart's as bolde to die as t wa's to loue.

Lur. Birlady so is not mine, ide giue my goods,
For a good *habeas Corpus*, to remoue me
Into another Countrie.

Du. Leau'e demurrs,
Close them into that graue, that dead mans Inne;

Pitty

Law-tricks, or

Pitie true vertue shold be lodg'd with sinne.

Hor. Make roome deare Madam, law this leauē doth
To die by thee with whome I could not liue, (giue
Lur. And wronged Countesse though I hated thee,
I come to take my latest sleepe with thee.

Countesse in the Tombe.

Cou. Kind thou art welcome, and shalt euer haue,
My armes thy winding sheete, my brest thy graue.

Du. Sister? *Po.* Aunt? *Em.* Madam?

Lur. My much wronged wife?

Cou. Justice great Duke, giue me my husbands life,
Both his and his, if your demaund be why,
See she suruiues for whose death they should die.

Du. Aliue. *Lur.* Vnblemish't.

Hor. S'blood I gaue her poison.

Pa. I could tell your honour a tale in your care to the
contrarie, I must needes say your wil was good, but my
father being your drug-seller, instead of a deadly poi-
son, gaue you a sleepie potion, doe you remenber the
Eccho at the tomb? though I plaid the knaue with you,
I did like an honest man with her.

Lur. Thou didst iudeede, and ile requite thee well.

Pol. How now Uncle? what thinke you of Schol-
lership now?

Lur. As of the law, good as it may be vs'd,
But to my wife.

Duke. Brother, ile speake your part,
Receive her, loue, and lodge her in your heart.

Lur. Nocte dieg.

Hor. What shall I doe then?

Du. Justice shall merce thee, and by our commaund
We banish thee the Court, though not our Land,
Your course is vertuous, let your honour growe
Till age hath cloath'd you in a robe of snow.

Lastly, thy merrit is not triuiall,
That turnd to mirth a Sceane so tragicall.

Epilogus

who would haue thought it.

Epilogue.

Who would haue thought, such strange events should
Into a course so smooth and comical? (fall)
Who would haue thought such treachery could rest,
In such a smoothe and vertuous seeming brest?
Who would haue thought a bud of this yong growth,
Should out of present wite ore-reach vs both?
And to conclude, who would haue thought the care
Of your milde patience would so gently beare
With these our weake deserts? which if they please you
Tis lesse then we desire, more then we thought. (ought

F I N I S.

